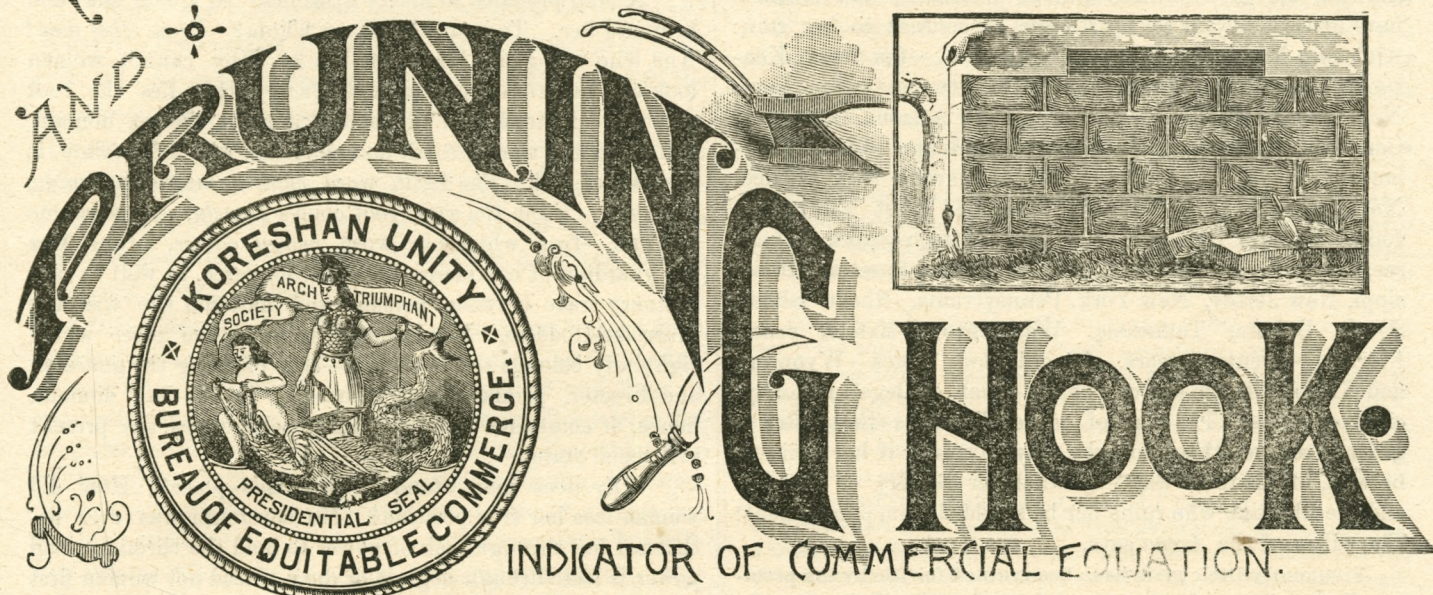


THE PLOWSHARE



Vol. III. No. 2.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 12, 1893.

\$1.00 per Year.

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ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

KORESH, FOUNDER AND EDITOR.

"Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF VICTORIA GRATIA.

Enter Into Organic Unity and Legislate Yourself Into the Rightful Possession of What You Own.

The wealth of the country—or that which represents wealth, naturally and necessarily, under the competitive system—whether it be gold or gold certificates, silver or silver certificates, finds its way into the hands of the rich. This is the inevitable *sequitur* of the devilish, antichristian, and pagan system always pursued by the immoral world, and now sustained and advocated by the so called church of Christ.

Money finds its way into the hands of the rich speculators. These take it where goods can be purchased at the lowest figures, and this of course is where free trade is operative.

If silver becomes the circulating medium, gold is "called in," which means that the gold loaners (this is the mere loan of credit on a gold security) hoard it for speculation. The tendency is for gold—if gold is the basis or standard of

circulation and exchange—to reach its static point where free trade prevails. Thus the free trade country becomes the money center of the world.

"Oh! but we thought," say those who have been humbugged by high tariff manipulators, "that protection was advantageous to the laboring man, as it protected the interests of the manufacturer." Manufacturers cannot create demand; they have no interest in, nor sympathy with, the laborer. A liberal circulation of money means more work or more pay, or both, so long as the competitive system is in successful operation.

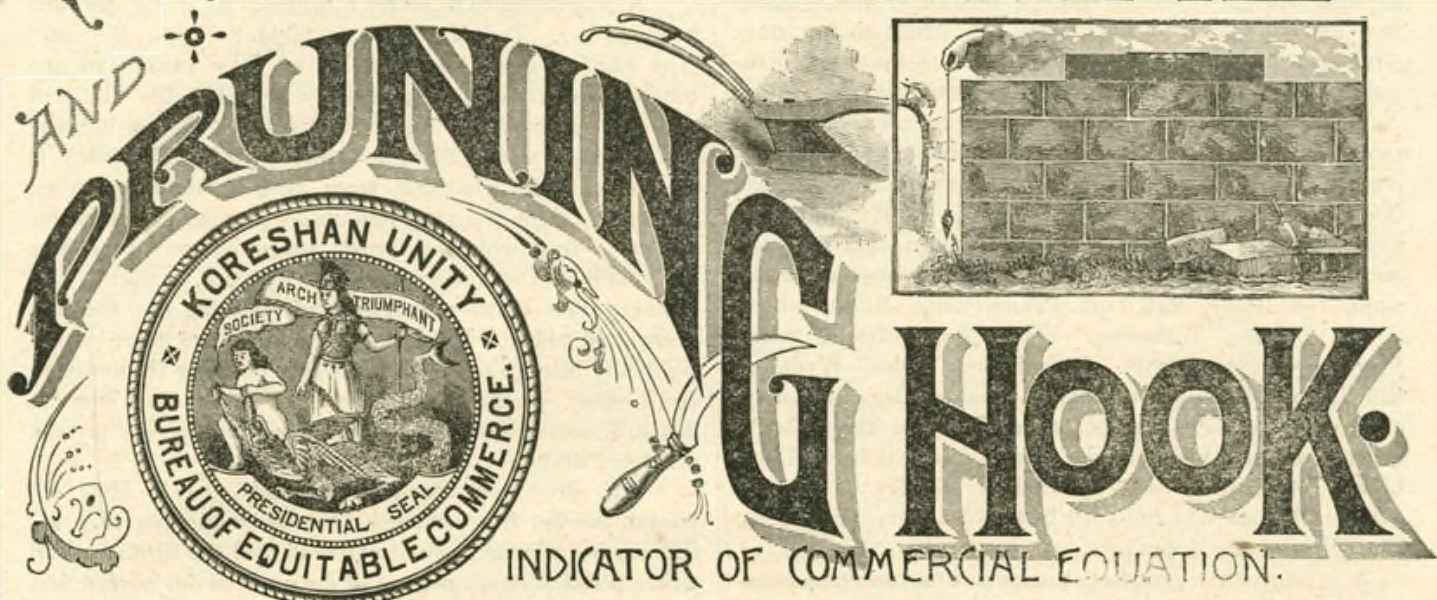
The monetization of silver means another scramble and a final "gobble up," by the silver mine-owners, of a part of the fictitious wealth of the country, which they control. So far as the poor man is concerned, it does not make a particle of difference whether a country is high tariff or free trade. It does, however, make a difference to the country.

If the United States were to adopt absolute free trade, it would very soon become the controlling country of the world. What then? Would this wealth benefit the laboring man? Yes, upon one condition. What is that? It is that the masses unite in controlling legislation in their own interests. How shall they do this? If they comprised a third factor only in politics, with strength sufficient to hold the balance of power, giving their strength to the party making the greatest pledges would be the only course. As this is not the existing state of things, (the laboring population being greatly in excess,) the proper course to pursue is to legislate themselves into position through organic unity.

Inaugurate a free trade absolutism, competing only with that portion of the world not in sympathy with the organic unity. Destroy money by instituting exchanges of products. Let the people vote the wealth of the country into their own possession. Use the ballot, not the bullet, nor dynamite. Recover the land by vote. Railroad, telegraph, and telephone systems belong to the people. Let them exercise their right to the franchise, and vote themselves into the use of what they own. The so called wealth of the millionaire is the product of unrequited but honest toil. Distribute these millions by voting the proceeds of labor to the wealth-producers.

The ballot is the sure weapon, but its usefulness to the masses means organization into *organic unity*.

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Frequently little girls have been ruined for life by the promise of presents, and I have been informed that a bag of candy has proved sufficient to lure a little girl into a resort and win her consent to something about the real nature of which she knew nothing until she found her cries of agony absolutely unavailing.

There would be no redress under the law, for the man would swear that she accompanied him of her own free will, and though she did not know what he wanted of her, the law would hold the man innocent of any crime. In the case of any female above the legal age of consent, the brute who outrages her is held innocent of crime, unless the outrage be committed "against her will," and the *Arena* cites various instances of the workings of the law in this respect. In New York, it is held that "any fact tending to the inference that there was not the utmost reluctance and the utmost resistance, is always received." In a Wisconsin case, the court held, "Resistance and the dissent ought to have continued to the last, and the physical power of the woman must have been overcome by physical force."

This is how men represent women! This is how femininity is *protected* by masculinity! And does woman deserve any better treatment? Not so long as she consents to be the carnal slave of man. When a clearer knowledge concerning the law of cause and effect is possessed, it will be seen that no suffering comes but as a result of infraction of law. That the greater suffering resulting from present social conditions falls on woman, proves that woman is in greater degree than man to blame for the existence of the present system. On woman rests the greater measure of responsibility for existing evils, and, therefore, from woman must come the greater effort in their removal. Nothing will answer but the getting down to the root of this question, and then woman will find that it is a question of *habeas corpus*. What is the use of a woman possessing the ballot,—what is the use of her sitting in the legislative halls,—so long as some man owns her body?

Under existing sex conditions, man's attitude on the suffrage question is the logical one, and woman's is the illogical one. What would be the opinion in ante-bellum days of a slave who desired to vote, or to be sent to the legislature? Why, his master who owned him would look after his interests! His master knew better than he what his needs were! His master *represented* him! The married woman is the possession of her husband as much as the slave was the possession of his master. A man marries a woman to possess her, and the woman, because of her indolence and love of ease, is anxious to be possessed. She gives herself away, body and soul and spirit, to save herself the responsibility of taking care of herself—she shirks her duties, and as a con-

sequence necessarily abrogates her rights—and she suffers for it, just as she deserves to suffer. When will women understand this, and act accordingly?

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Why does man stand in woman's place? How did woman lose her true position? No sovereign was ever dethroned but through lack of power to hold the throne. And power is lost through neglect of duty. Had not woman first fallen from her state of obedience to law, man could never have usurped her greatest right—the right to the ownership of her person. No usurper ever yet returned a throne merely because the deposed sovereign asked for its return. Woman can never recover her sovereignty until she becomes powerful enough to enforce her claims, and there is but one way for her to gain such power,—that is, by returning to the state of absolute obedience to law.

It is not only the right of every woman, but it is her duty, to declare, This body at least is mine and I will guard it against further prostitution to pleasurable indulgence. Woman's procreative function must be preserved from pollution. Man today, through judicial and clerical ceremonies, obligates her to submit to a state of monogamic prostitution. So long as woman submits to this condition—so long as she acknowledges man's right to impose such a condition on her, womanhood will be scoffed at, hooted at, and laughed to scorn; she will be made the butt of all manner of ridicule, from the mordant wit of a Rabelais to the jejune facetiousness of the modern journalist; the usurpers of her rights will even place the record of their contempt for her on the statute books, in "age of consent" laws! It will be said that many husbands are kind to their wives, and that the wives are content. This is no argument. Many slave-owners were kind to their slaves, and the slaves were content, but this fact did not justify the institution of slavery. It is not kindness women desire, or should desire, today,—it is absolute justice. Woman must be roused to a realization of the necessity of getting to the root of this social problem, and it will be found to be the question of the ownership of her person.—*Ella M. Castle.*

FOOD FOR CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplate the force and money squandered in the party endeavor for power; then the prostitution of that power in the endeavor to institute deceptive legislation for no other purpose than to perpetuate the tenure of that authority and control. Let the people of the American Government once know the fact that they themselves are sovereign here; that they own the Government and all its wealth; that the power to control it is in their own hands, if they will but exert their prerogative and might to wrest from the hand of the usurper his arrogated appropriations, and, under the proper leadership, they will arise *en masse* to regain their rightful dominion.

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Inequitable Distribution the Cause of Financial Distress.

What is the matter with our Republican Government? What ails the Goddess of Liberty? Is she blind, deaf, and sick, that she can neither see, nor hear, nor give relief to the poverty which is so rapidly spreading over our fair land? Has she grown callous in her hundred years of unequaled prosperity, that she sits unmoved and undisturbed while the homes of her day laborers and the lands of her small farmers go under mortgage to English capitalists, or American monopolists and money lenders?

What can the farmers do to save their homes from destruction, or the laborers to keep their families from starvation, when the cost of the food products of the farm is multiplied from five to ten times, in their transit from the producer to the consumer? It is impossible that this state of things can long continue. The foul political and monopolistic nests which engender this condition of things are rapidly hatching a brood of idlers and tramps—the few willing and voluntary, the many unwilling and compulsory—who will in due time return to despoil and ravage them. Cannot the strongholds of legislation and of wealth hear the suppressed mutterings of indignation, of wrath, and of despair, coming up from every quarter of the land? Can they not create and legalize a system of distribution and exchange which shall destroy this horde of ravenous beasts which stands between the producer and the natural consumer, and devours the rightful inheritance of both? Let the Farmers' Alliances and Labor Unions combine to equalize and cheapen distribution and exchange, to lessen the hours of labor, to destroy usury, and individual gain in the increased value of idle property, whose value is enhanced by public effort, as lands, etc., held for speculative gain, and the cost and value of labor would soon regulate itself.

The increase of mechanics' wages does not lessen the poverty of the masses. Five dollars per day to the carpenter or mason, means increased comfort to them for a while, but it means increased expense to those who employ them. It deranges values till there comes a readjustment, when they are in no better condition than before. Could every artisan, laborer, and superintendent in the land receive ten dollars each for his day's labor, he would be no wealthier, nor could he purchase any more with his money, than if each received only fifty cents per day. The Confederate shoemaker who received five hundred dollars for making a pair of boots, could buy no more of the necessities of life than the Northern man who received but five dollars for the same work. If the day's wages of carpenters, masons, painters, etc., are doubled, rents will be raised, the cost of food products increased, servants' and laborers' wages advanced, and for a time all values are deranged; some parties are benefited and others injured by the enforced and partial advance in wages. The remedy does not lie in increase of wages, either local or general, but in facility of distribution; in Governmental centers of exchange at cost; in common interest in all natural products under a wise governmental supervision; and in severe penal laws against speculation and gambling in any of the products essential to human welfare.

The exchange and distribution of all products at cost, and the rigid suppression of fictitious values added to the original cost of production, transportation, and exchange, by iniquitous combinations of men who would acquire wealth by fraud, are the two principal factors entering into the settlement of the wage question. The righteous adjustment of these two factors, so hostile to the welfare of both producer and consumer, would peaceably settle nearly all the disputes and ever-increasing ills of the wage-worker, farmer, and tradesman.—A. W. K. Andrews, M. D., in *Sword of '90*.

Just One Remedy.

What can one do but reiterate, when there is just one clean-cut, definite thing to be said? The prophecies of common sense are all to the effect that financially at least the affairs of this nation must go from bad to worse. The reliable Benner has just uttered his forecast, which runs in this wise:—

For a number of years Samuel Benner has issued annually a prophecy in regard to various markets during the ensuing year. His prophecies have been right in a sufficient number of cases to arouse curiosity. His forecast for 1894 declared that there would be "continued embarrassed business, bankrupted manufacturers, unemployed labor, and ruined farmers." For 1895 he says:—

There is no promise or sign of better times for the coming year. We may look in vain for any permanent improvement in general business. Wheat at 54 cents a bushel at Chicago, cotton 5½ cents per pound at Cincinnati, and pig iron at \$10 a ton at Pittsburg denote impoverishment for farmers, cotton planters, and furnace-men. The increase last year of \$100,000,000 in the bonded debt of the Government, does not signify that the people are contented in keeping out of debt and making money.

Ever since 1873, values have been shrinking in consequence of the establishment of the single gold standard, and no one can fathom the depths to which prices will fall. There is no evidence that we are at the lowest point of depression. There is no property, except gold, which is not depreciating.

An average crop of grain in this country this year, with fair crops abroad, will send the price of wheat at Chicago, after the next harvest, down to 40 cents a bushel. Prices for corn next fall will decline to 25 cents a bushel. Fat hogs will be \$3 a hundred pounds gross for next winter's packing season. Prices for wool, cotton, iron, cattle, and horses will be on the down grade during the present year. Common sheep, after the wool is taken off next year, will sell for what the pelt will then bring, 25 cents.

To the anxious inquirer: The year 1895 will not be the proper time to make investments in property, or to engage extensively in business enterprises.—*Chicago Post*.

Now, what are we going to do about this state of things? This nation cannot wax enthusiastic over a prospect of ever-increasing poverty. The people are here with hands and brains, the earth is here ready to yield an abundance of every conceivable product, and the highways are here with wonderful facilities for transportation. What is the matter? Why is not every man, woman, and child housed, clothed, warmed, and fed? We can answer, but in answering we must reiterate the statements so familiar to every reader of Koreshan literature.

Our Bureau of Equitable Commerce and system of equitable distribution, so perfect in every concept, so divine in origin, are despised and rejected by a foolish people, without consideration and without a trial. The Koreshan System of Equitable Commerce is a system founded upon the law of love; it embraces all the most practical and scientific principles known to the human mind. Its labor check—a substitute for money during the critical transition period—enables every honest workingman to become a stockholder and capitalist, just as soon as he is ready to furnish brain and muscle to build up a corporation of which he is a voting member. The corporation to be built up is one which has an eye single to one thing—the demonetization of every form of fictitious, usury-bearing money, and the permanent establishment of the performance of use as capital, or that which entitles a man to an equitable share of the products of his industry—the true commonwealth.

American workingmen have the power to deliver themselves from the tyranny of the money power. When once they unitedly believe that they do really possess such power, and determine to use it in the strength of an organic unity founded upon a few fundamental principles, they can control all the markets of the world. These are not the statements of an idle dreamer. The Founder of Koreshan Science, which involves all departments of science, has formulated the Koreshan System of Equitable Commerce into a plan of action which, if utilized, means the permanent

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The exchange and distribution of all products at cost, and the rigid suppression of fictitious values added to the original cost of production, transportation, and exchange, by iniquitous combinations of men who would acquire wealth by fraud, are the two principal factors entering into the settlement of the wage question. The righteous adjustment of these two factors, so hostile to the welfare of both producer and consumer, would peaceably settle nearly all the disputes and ever-increasing ills of the wage-worker, farmer, and tradesman.—*A. W. K. Andrews, M. D., in Sword of '90.*

Just One Remedy.

What can one do but reiterate, when there is just one clean-cut, definite thing to be said? The prophecies of common sense are all to the effect that financially at least the affairs of this nation must go from bad to worse. The reliable Benner has just uttered his forecast, which runs in this wise:—

For a number of years Samuel Benner has issued annually a prophecy in regard to various markets during the ensuing year. His prophecies have been right in a sufficient number of cases to arouse curiosity. His forecast for 1894 declared that there would be "continued embarrassed business, bankrupted manufacturers, unemployed labor, and ruined farmers." For 1895 he says:—

There is no promise or sign of better times for the coming year. We may look in vain for any permanent improvement in general business. Wheat at 54 cents a bushel at Chicago, cotton 5½ cents per pound at Cincinnati, and pig iron at \$10 a ton at Pittsburg denote impoverishment for farmers, cotton planters, and furnace-men. The increase last year of \$100,000,000 in the bonded debt of the Government, does not signify that the people are contented in keeping out of debt and making money.

Ever since 1873, values have been shrinking in consequence of the establishment of the single gold standard, and no one can fathom the depths to which prices will fall. There is no evidence that we are at the lowest point of depression. There is no property, except gold, which is not depreciating.

An average crop of grain in this country this year, with fair crops abroad, will send the price of wheat at Chicago, after the next harvest, down to 40 cents a bushel. Prices for corn next fall will decline to 25 cents a bushel. Fat hogs will be \$3 a hundred pounds gross for next winter's packing season. Prices for wool, cotton, iron, cattle, and horses will be on the down grade during the present year. Common sheep, after the wool is taken off next year, will sell for what the pelt will then bring, 25 cents.

To the anxious inquirer: The year 1895 will not be the proper time to make investments in property, or to engage extensively in business enterprises.—*Chicago Post.*

Now, what are we going to do about this state of things? This nation cannot wax enthusiastic over a prospect of ever-increasing poverty. The people are here with hands and brains, the earth is here ready to yield an abundance of every conceivable product, and the highways are here with wonderful facilities for transportation. What is the matter? Why is not every man, woman, and child housed, clothed, warmed, and fed? We can answer, but in answering we must reiterate the statements so familiar to every reader of Koreshan literature.

Our Bureau of Equitable Commerce and system of equitable distribution, so perfect in every concept, so divine in origin, are despised and rejected by a foolish people, without consideration and without a trial. The Koreshan System of Equitable Commerce is a system founded upon the law of love; it embraces all the most practical and scientific principles known to the human mind. Its labor check—a substitute for money during the critical transition period—enables every honest workingman to become a stockholder and capitalist, just as soon as he is ready to furnish brain and muscle to build up a corporation of which he is a voting member. The corporation to be built up is one which has an eye single to one thing—the demonetization of every form of fictitious, usury-bearing money, and the permanent establishment of the performance of use as capital, or that which entitles a man to an equitable share of the products of his industry—the true commonwealth.

American workingmen have the power to deliver themselves from the tyranny of the money power. When once they unitedly believe that they do really possess such power, and determine to use it in the strength of an organic unity founded upon a few fundamental principles, they can control all the markets of the world. These are not the statements of an idle dreamer. The Founder of Koreshan Science, which involves all departments of science, has formulated the Koreshan System of Equitable Commerce into a plan of action which, if utilized, means the permanent

deliverance of this nation from all its financial troubles, and the creation of a true wealth so fabulous in amount that the Koreshan must expect to be met with an incredulous smile if he attempts to define it. However, as long as the world sees fit to stone prophets who are raised up to be eyes for a people blinded by ignorance and sin, just so long must humanity go stumbling along the high road to destruction.

There are always a few ready to listen, ready to seek a better way; a few who believe there is a God, and who want to find his way out of their present difficulties. These few must form the nucleus of a new and better order of things. They must be willing to make sacrifices; to exercise faith in some rational evidence; willing to obey a Leader with a message worth obeying; willing to obey the laws of organic unity. No strength can come to a cause through segregation. There must be aggregation and concentration of power. Concentrate power in a person representing pre-eminently saving principles, and you have the power focalized for its most perfect uses. Believers in a cause must constitute a generating dynamo for a man whose powers can find vents through mediums of his own selection. There is no other way for great accomplishments to be attained.

There is a redemptive law of love, a law of reciprocity, which, if regarded and acted upon as a fundamental and practical thing, means a humanity restored to the image and likeness of God; means the golden age, the long-prayed-for kingdom of heaven in earth. Still, if men enjoy hell in earth; if it makes them prosperous and happy to worship the golden calf; if they love to slave and dig for gold to put into the hands of a few who will hold it over the many as the rod of their tyrannical enslavement; if they prefer to struggle for a wretched existence, let them do it—to their own destruction.

The perfect system is formulated. It lives in the brain of man; the faith of men must give it birth. The world agonizes for deliverance; the man waits to deliver. A rational faith in scientific evidence must become the motory power.—*Bertha S. Boomer.*

GUILTY BECAUSE CAUGHT?

It is gratifying to know that the same principle that outlawed Madeline Pollard on the stage, has protested the thrusting of Colonel Breckenridge upon the lecture platform. Only obscurity can condone the offense of this guilty pair.—*Ram's Horn.*

The old lady's two small grandsons were at play in the vicinity of her barrel of spruce beer. The elder of the two whisked out the spile, and was enjoying the spectacle of the foamy spurt when he heard his grandmother's footstep, and proceeded to put distance between himself and his irate relative, who, seizing a handy birch and the remaining coat collar, proceeded with her idea of retribution. "O grandma! I never did it; it was Harry!" "Well, but I have caught you!"—and she proceeded.

If all who have not been caught, but who are alike guilty or guiltier than the Pollard and the Breckenridge, were relegated to retirement, the road to obscurity would assume a wideness that would be quite eye-opening. However, there is a balm in Gilead in the reflection that the pruriency is not so rampant as to demand the sight of the slayers of reputation or the slaughtered of reputation, though we must confess to an inaptitude to discern how "obscurity" can effect pardon of any wrong doing.—*A. T. Potter.*

Under the competitive system, the irresistible determination of wealth is toward the accelerated augmentation of riches, heaped up in the form of corporations, monopolies, and vidual cumulations,—always employed detrimentally to the common laborer, degrading him more and more to the level of the beast of burden.

Plutocrat, Wage-slave, and Drum.

The all-absorbing theme of the times poses but two classes—the monopolist and his servitor. A third class, who have entirely ceased a self-representing existence, closely blend with the latter, and are being rapidly added to by the machinery of the narrowing, brutalizing times. This class has been so long and continuously beat upon that they are but the hollow echo of manipulators, and with all consistency may be denominated *drums*.

It is the office of the drum, in response to woody flailing, to call to action, and these human drums one day, in response to mandates of keener intellects made hard by injustice, will call down upon the despoilers of the people's prosperity the wrath foretold of Holy Writ.—*A. T. Potter.*

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Many of the churches, including the Catholic, are getting ashamed of their long connection with the liquor traffic; to exculpate themselves, they are condemning it and censuring members engaged in it, but the members still continue to sustain the business by their votes.—*J. S. Sargent.*

Government Ownership of Railways.

The plutocratic press of this country is making a great howl and ridiculing the demand of the People's party "that the Government nationalize the railways," and with unlimited "gall" and many fallacious assertions attempts to prove its impracticability.

Here are some cold facts that I defy them to disprove. In Austria, where the State owns the railroads, you can ride a distance of one thousand miles across the country for \$6.50, first class, too; workmen can ride six miles for two cents, twelve miles for four cents, thirty miles for ten cents. In Hungary, where the roads are also owned by the State, you can ride six miles for one cent. Since the Government bought the roads, wages have doubled. Belgium tells the same story. Fares and freights have been cut down one half and wages doubled. In Germany, you can ride four miles for one cent on the Government railroad. Yet wages are one hundred and twenty-three per cent higher than they were when private corporations owned them, and during the last ten years the net profits have increased 14 per cent. In Victoria, where the Government owns the railroads, fares are not half so high as in this country, and the net income is sufficient to pay all federal taxes. The Prussian Government has operated railroads so successfully that a surplus of \$1,000,000 has accumulated, and it is now proposed to reduce fares still lower. Let the editors of the subsidized press, whose brains are rented by the ton in the interest of avarice, please put the above cold facts in their pipes and smoke them.—*H. R. Rea, in Detroit People.*

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The Present Crisis.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

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WEIGHING THE CALM.

A calm has fallen upon us. The great movements that during the last year sprang up from the depths of the people's distress, sweeping like huge waves over the country and dashing themselves against the very foundations of society until they shivered, have ebbed away, and all is quiet. The turbulence and excitement arising from a mighty discontent beating itself vainly against a mighty force have died away. There is peace in the land. But is there happiness?

Many of us have turned to our own enjoyments and congenial occupations with relief because we no longer hear the snarl of savage, hungry men, the moan of starving women, the pitiful cry of the children. We try to satisfy ourselves that, after all, there is little suffering among the working people; that the turmoil was only because of their natural belligerency. Since they are quiet now, couldn't they have remained so all the time?

But peace does not always mean prosperity, nor does silence signify happiness. Those three pictures painted by the great Russian realist, Verestchagin, which represent the slow freezing to death of a lone sentry under the remorseless, falling snow, show how peace may descend upon the last depths of human suffering. There are sequels to the great dramas which have been enacted before the public, but they are rehearsed in private. In one glance over a single labor journal, one can count more sad stories that are the results of past struggles than one cares to repeat.

Down in the coal regions of Illinois four sober, hardworking men have recently been sentenced to prison for terms of three and five years because they were present in a crowd when two men—one a militiaman and the other a citizen—lost their lives last summer. Like Felix Holt, Mr. Geher, in an address that touched the hearts of hardened officials, pleaded his own cause and that of Heathcote, Caddle, and Jones, showing that they were but striving to turn the current of angered men when they were arrested. Thirty more men are under indictment at the same court—men with helpless families, men who would work hard if the work were to be had at wages sufficient to feed themselves and families. Others are serving sentences in various parts of the country for "acts of violence" said to be committed during the great coal strike. We all remember the stories we used to hear during those days,—such tales of distress, misery, and desperation as made even the rich recoil in dismay,—and many of us did not believe that human beings could return to such conditions of labor again, but that some change for the better must come of it all. We hear nothing nowadays. No one is violent or turbulent or troublesome. But it is not because they are better off. Several hundred poor fellows are in prison, several thousand have joined the army of tramps, and the rest have gone back to that hardest, deadliest, poorest paid toil of civilization—digging coal from out the depths of the earth.

The deep interest that centered around the town of Pullman has died away. There are no crowds out there now, no Government troops, no outcry. Shall we imagine, then, that the model town is really all it professes to be, and that every body is prosperous there? Let us not be too sure. Some good women of this city have recently investigated affairs there, and have found families huddled together for warmth in the little cottages, with not a morsel of food or a lump of coal in the house, and very little clothing. Families have been set out in the streets to separate and wander away—to the hospital, the poorhouse, the Bridewell. A few hundred families have gone away to strange places and untried scenes, to meet all sorts of unknown fates. Some of them went back to work for the Pullman company, to paying high rents out of low wages, to trying to make their incomes suffice by eating and wearing less than they need. The relief board exists no longer, but helpless women and children do. The carking, long-drawn-out sorrows of the poor victims of the struggle are all the more pathetic for the quiet in which they suffer.

And where are the valiant railway boys who were putting the railroad magnates to their wits' ends awhile ago? We hear very little of them now. They do not assemble in crowds, their "contempt of court" is no longer audibly expressed, and the militia once required to watch them are only busy trying to get their "script" pay discounted. Are we to suppose, then, that they are all at work and prosperous, and that they have merely subsided from a rabid and unreasonable attack of restlessness? An item in my labor journal says they are being blacklisted all over the West, and while the railway managers deny the existence of such a document, it is true that thousands cannot obtain work of any description when once it is known they were connected with the strike. One thousand men in Denver alone are suffering from this cause. Thousands of men who have always

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A calm has fallen upon us. The great movements that during the last year sprang up from the depths of the people's distress, sweeping like huge waves over the country and dashing themselves against the very foundations of society until they shivered, have ebbed away, and all is quiet. The turbulence and excitement arising from a mighty discontent beating itself vainly against a mighty force have died away. There is peace in the land. But is there happiness?

Many of us have turned to our own enjoyments and congenial occupations with relief because we no longer hear the snarl of savage, hungry men, the moan of starving women, the pitiful cry of the children. We try to satisfy ourselves that, after all, there is little suffering among the working people; that the turmoil was only because of their natural belligerency. Since they are quiet now, couldn't they have remained so all the time?

But peace does not always mean prosperity, nor does silence signify happiness. Those three pictures painted by the great Russian realist, Verestchagin, which represent the slow freezing to death of a lone sentry under the remorseless, falling snow, show how peace may descend upon the last depths of human suffering. There are sequels to the great dramas which have been enacted before the public, but they are rehearsed in private. In one glance over a single labor journal, one can count more sad stories that are the results of past struggles than one cares to repeat.

Down in the coal regions of Illinois four sober, hardworking men have recently been sentenced to prison for terms of three and five years because they were present in a crowd when two men—one a militiaman and the other a citizen—lost their lives last summer. Like Felix Holt, Mr. Geher, in an address that touched the hearts of hardened officials, pleaded his own cause and that of Heathcote, Caddle, and Jones, showing that they were but striving to turn the current of angered men when they were arrested. Thirty more men are under indictment at the same court—men with helpless families, men who would work hard if the work were to be had at wages sufficient to feed themselves and families. Others are serving sentences in various parts of the country for "acts of violence" said to be committed during the great coal strike. We all remember the stories we used to hear during those days,—such tales of distress, misery, and desperation as made even the rich recoil in dismay,—and many of us did not believe that human beings could return to such conditions of labor again, but that some change for the better must come of it all. We hear nothing nowadays. No one is violent or turbulent or troublesome. But it is not because they are better off. Several hundred poor fellows are in prison, several thousand have joined the army of tramps, and the rest have gone back to that hardest, deadliest, poorest paid toil of civilization—digging coal from out the depths of the earth.

The deep interest that centered around the town of Pullman has died away. There are no crowds out there now, no Government troops, no outcry. Shall we imagine, then, that the model town is really all it professes to be, and that every body is prosperous there? Let us not be too sure. Some good women of this city have recently investigated affairs there, and have found families huddled together for warmth in the little cottages, with not a morsel of food or a lump of coal in the house, and very little clothing. Families have been set out in the streets to separate and wander away—to the hospital, the poorhouse, the Bridewell. A few hundred families have gone away to strange places and untried scenes, to meet all sorts of unknown fates. Some of them went back to work for the Pullman company, to paying high rents out of low wages, to trying to make their incomes suffice by eating and wearing less than they need. The relief board exists no longer, but helpless women and children do. The carking, long-drawn-out sorrows of the poor victims of the struggle are all the more pathetic for the quiet in which they suffer.

And where are the valiant railway boys who were putting the railroad magnates to their wits' ends awhile ago? We hear very little of them now. They do not assemble in crowds, their "contempt of court" is no longer audibly expressed, and the militia once required to watch them are only busy trying to get their "script" pay discounted. Are we to suppose, then, that they are all at work and prosperous, and that they have merely subsided from a rabid and unreasonable attack of restlessness? An item in my labor journal says they are being blacklisted all over the West, and while the railway managers deny the existence of such a document, it is true that thousands cannot obtain work of any description when once it is known they were connected with the strike. One thousand men in Denver alone are suffering from this cause. Thousands of men who have always

lived well and respectably are now wandering from place to place, hopelessly seeking for any kind of a chance to earn a living.

We hear no more of large organized bodies of tramps marching through the country, spreading dismay among the farmers in the backwoods and the congressmen in legislative halls, with their demand for "bread right now, and work as soon as possible." No one worries about the army of the unemployed. They are no longer banded together; they are petitioning nobody, frightening no one. Are they, then, all safely at work, sleeping and eating in homes of their own? "Lay not the flattering unction to your soul." Look once at the group hanging about cheap lodging houses, the city hall, the bridges, the lake front, the site of new buildings, and know that they are some of those same wearied and worn marchers, raggeder, thinner, more hopeless and dejected than ever before. They are scattered throughout the country, wandering about by twos and threes, barely keeping themselves alive, *somehow*, and expecting nothing of anything or anybody any more. Their leaders have learned to "keep off the grass." Kelly has been terribly clubbed and is now in prison at one extremity of the continent, as Coxey and Brown were clubbed and imprisoned at the other.

Each of these movements, entered into with a desperate earnestness arising from the people's great need, has apparently failed of accomplishing the special object toward which it was directed. Now that the participants are no longer heard from every day, we are apt to think carelessly that they have melted away or been miraculously transformed into prosperous people. But, ah! the poverty, the unwilling idleness, the drudgery, exist as badly today as ever. There are as many homeless and poor as there were last summer, and those who are at work toil harder and longer for less pay and run the same old risks of being slashed up in machinery, buried alive, choked to death, burned, blown up, and poisoned.

The calm is deceitful. While conditions are as they are, there can be no permanent peace. One upheaval will follow another until at last some great change in our industrial systems will be brought about, and justice *shall* be done. The real good that the seeming failures have accomplished is that they have prepared the people for other great movements, and eventually for a radical change.

What the next great wave may be we cannot know. But there are already indications that point to a peaceable, natural solution, and if the tendency should take the popular sweep of the other movements, the whole economic situation may be gradually and peacefully transformed. The sound and spirit of co-operation are in the air. Colonies for many different localities in the country are organizing everywhere. Each school of economic thought is considering the building up of a home far away from the struggle, where rent, hard times, lack of wages, are no longer prime factors of life; where in equal exchange of the products of equal laborers all can live, whatever the effect of bonds, tariff, contracted currency, demonetized silver, may be on society in general. If working people in great numbers should adopt the colonization idea, as they seem likely to do, it will eventually affect the industries and markets in such a way as to make capitalists open their eyes to some startling truths.

This may not be the next step in progress, but the signs point that way. However that may be, the quiet we now have is but the quivering silence preceding a storm. It is but momentary.—*Lizzie M. Holmes, in Cincinnati.*

A Fact Not to Be Ignored.

When a remedy that is supposed to be good for one disease is dangerous to administer because it aggravates another disease already existing in the body, there is something radically defective in the understanding and practice of the art. And so, when men in different departments of speculative activity find their interests in conflict, there is something radically defective in the administration of that government which was instituted to correct these evils, and to protect the people from the financial cormorant.

One reason why people make crooked paths is because they keep looking back.—*Ram's Horn.*

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The fog covers the waters, the rocks jut out into the angry ocean, a ship is lost, together with one hundred and fifteen human beings, and society is convulsed. Starvation, hand in hand with corruption and greed, stalks through the land sacrificing millions; the slaves go on toiling, the politician continues his gambling, the plutocrat drinks the blood of his fellows, the parson preaches submission, and a reward hereafter, and society generally goes on its way, blind to the danger, horror, and crime of it all. Verily, "it is a mad world, my masters!"—*Mey Hickman, in Worker.*

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In a recent lecture, Rev. Father Dowling, of Holy Family church, Chicago, said: Every epoch has its follies. Ours is plunged in an abyss of humanitarianism which has all but hidden the fair form of charity. Charity is no longer a simple nature. It is a science, a social mechanism, a system, a governmental necessity. All our representatives of civilization, our poets, sages, philosophers, political economists, and philanthropists, exhaust themselves in homilies about the sore of pauperism. They lament the hard-heartedness of wealth, and speak touchingly of the privations of the poor. Yet all these prophets of progress proclaim the necessity of almsgiving in the name of purely philanthropic pity. The poor being a fragment of humanity, they succor them and believe that by that title they love them.

This is but a beneficence of calculation founded in selfishness and springing from a sense of terror. Such philanthropists have calculated the numbers of the submerged tenth of our population and surveyed the residuum of society; they have considered the chances of social revolt, and the disastrous consequences of the division and upheaval which must surely follow; they have stamped their feet on the crust which covers the volcano of modern pauperism, in order to learn what weight it will carry without giving way. Unfortunately, this apostolate of selfishness only aggravates the evil by offering no other compensation—in the face of insatiable and corrupting luxury—than the humiliating salary paid to hunger in order to soothe its anger and lull its fury to sleep. All this is not charity properly understood, for charity does not imprison poverty in palaces of misery lest respectability be offended by its soreness and rags. Charity means unselfish devotion, feeling, and sympathy. This is the charity Christ came to teach.

For 1,800 years Lazarus has been lying at the door of Christian civilization, asking for the crumbs which fall from the table of affluence, appealing for pity, and begging the bare right to live. But within the last generation his plaintive cry for mercy has been changed into an imperious demand for justice, and his claim is being allowed. Lazarus has been the victim of social conditions which have wrought against him clear and distinct injustice. The grievance point of view is this: labor is habitually wronged by the employer, and not sufficiently protected by the State. The wages are inadequate; the working hours too long; there is no division of the profits accruing from the laborer's toil and skill. Consequently, there is not sufficient rest and recreation, not good enough clothing, housing, food; not a fair chance of advancement for the toiler and his family. Why should some be ever toiling and others ever spending and enjoying what the laborer's toil has won? Why should the poor respect a system which devotes the sweat and labor of the many to the profit and pleasure of the few?

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charity takes on the character of business routine, or if the beneficiary happens to be treated as a being of inferior race and different mold, bound to accept thankfully whatever is doled out to him by his superior.—*Chicago Free Trader.*

The Nature of "Reform."

Municipal reform is now all the vogue. The millennium is to come through that gate, we are told by the "cultured and the well-to-do" classes who have taken up the matter; and the working people in very large numbers are giving their votes to the thing.

If this "reform" movement were only a fad, there might be in it no greater harm to the working class than a waste of time. That were bad enough; it is, however, a good deal worse than a fad; it is a blind; it is a feint by which the capitalist class is trying, and successfully so far, to come directly into the possession of the machinery of Government, and thereby be relieved of the burden of maintaining the politician out of their profits, i. e., out of that share of the product which they pilfer the workers of, without in any wise improving the condition of these.

That there is in this "reform" wave nothing for the workers, no reform of their poverty and of the system that is expected to keep them everlastingly in serf-like dependence, was found out by them in Brooklyn, where the "reform" wave struck a year ago, and where wages continue "unreformed" in their bad tendency to go down. A similar lesson is in store for our New York City workers, who will find out pretty soon that a Committee of Seventy "reform" Mayor has no gifts for their Christmas stockings other than the identical ones of the lockouts, clubbings, and increased exploitation they were accustomed to under the most "unreformed" of municipal government. That this is actually the case, the late conference at Minneapolis of "Municipal Reformers" gave many an illustration.

Notable among these, was the paper there read by the Hon. E. J. Blandin, on "The Municipal Condition of Cleveland." The essayist maintained that the new charter, the reform charter with which Cleveland has recently been blessed, has worked well. He was well pleased with the reform it accomplished. Did these reforms reform the poverty of the Cleveland operatives, or in any wise reform to their advantage the exploitation they were the victims of? Let us see.

According to the census of 1880, the value of the new wealth produced by labor in the city of Cleveland was \$16,975,313; out of this amount the Cleveland operatives received as wages \$1,8502,935, and were accordingly fleeced by the capitalists out of \$8,472,378. In other words, the Cleveland workers were robbed in 1880 of 49 per cent of the fruits of their toil.

According to the last census, the value of the new wealth produced by labor in the city of Cleveland is now \$47,594,456; out of this large amount, the Cleveland operatives received as wages only \$23,507,940, and were, accordingly, fleeced by their bosses, most of whom were in the "reform" movement, out of the snug sum of \$24,086,526. In other words, the Cleveland workers were robbed during the period when "reform" was boiling over, of 50 per cent of their earnings. We thus get these net results of "reform" for the Cleveland proletariat:—

Robbed by the bosses before the "reform" tide.....49 per cent
Robbed by the bosses under the fever of "reform".....50 per cent

Certainly the "reform" did not do it. What did it was the capitalist system. And this system will proceed to flourish and rob the working class of an ever-increasing ratio of their products, reform plasters or no reform plasters.

There is but one reform that is a reform, that needs no reformation, and that alone is worthy of the endeavors of earnest men—the abolition of the capitalist system of robbery, or of the wage system of slavery.—*N. Y. People.*

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According to the last census, the value of the new wealth produced by labor in the city of Cleveland is now \$47,594,456; out of this large amount, the Cleveland operatives received as wages only \$23,507,940, and were, accordingly, fleeced by their bosses, most of whom were in the "reform" movement, out of the snug sum of \$24,086,526. In other words, the Cleveland workers were robbed during the period when "reform" was boiling over, of 50 per cent of their earnings. We thus get these net results of "reform" for the Cleveland proletariat:—

Robbed by the bosses before the "reform" tide.....49 per cent
Robbed by the bosses under the fever of "reform".....50 per cent

Certainly the "reform" did not do it. What did it was the capitalist system. And this system will proceed to flourish and rob the working class of an ever-increasing ratio of their products, reform plasters or no reform plasters.

There is but one reform that is a reform, that needs no reformation, and that alone is worthy of the endeavors of earnest men—the abolition of the capitalist system of robbery, or of the wage system of slavery.—*N. Y. People.*

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